















For the Liberator.

AUTUMN.

BY LUCY A. COLBY.

The Frost King comes with stern and sullen brow,  
And summer leaves are smitten: every bough  
On elm and maple, beech and birchen tree,  
Now heralds forth its own approaching fate,  
Symbolic of the doom which, soon or late,  
Must overtake all frail humanity.

The flowers look up: the Frost King in his wrath  
Smiles them, and pale they lie along his path.  
Ah! they no more their brightness can recall,  
But lie beneath the brown leaves on the sod;  
As when some beautiful soul has flown to God,  
The form lies shrouded 'neath a shadowy pall.

The singing birds forsake their haunts, and fly  
Where earth looks up to an unclouded sky:  
They cannot brave our Northern skies the while,  
Which many an angry cloud and chilling storm,  
With fearful frowns and blinding sleet, deform,  
But soar where Beauty wears no transient smile.

As one by one the sounds of Summer cease,  
The earth lies hushed in the deep sleep of peace.  
O Autumn! holy Sabbath of the year!  
Now may the troubled soul grow still and calm,  
As when the hallowed music of a psalm  
Falls soothingly upon the wearied ear!

Deering, N. H., Sept., 1852.

From the London Leader.

## THE NEW ARISTOCRACY.

A title once could only show  
The signs of noble birth,  
And men of rank were years ago  
The great ones of the earth.  
They deemed it just the crowd should shrink  
Before the cap and gown:  
They thought it wrong the poor should think,  
And right to keep the poor.

Those were the days when books were things  
'The People' could not touch;  
Made for use of lords and kings,  
And only meant for such.  
To work the loom, to till the soil,  
To tread the costly gem—  
To read the record of daily toil,  
Was quite enough for them.

Time was, when just to read and write  
Were thought a wondrous deal,  
For those who wake with the morning light,  
To earn their daily meal.  
The man a more submissive slave,  
The less his head-piece knew;  
And so the mass from habit gave  
Their birthright to the few.

Now look abroad! the light of Truth  
Is spreading far and wide,  
And that which fills the English youth  
Must shame our ancient pride.  
'Tis mind alone can wield the sword,  
In spite of wealth and rank;  
The artisan may face a lord  
With thousands in the bank.

We scorn not those of high degree,  
For so 'twere wrong to do;  
But poorer men as rich can be,  
And quite as noble too.  
The prince may act a gayer part,  
But he who works for bread  
May have, perchance, a warmer heart,  
And 'twill be a clearer head.

Then grieve not for 'the good old times,'  
Behold a brighter day!  
The causes of our fathers' crimes  
Are wearing fast away.  
Before the Pen, the Press, the Rail,  
Must old opinions fall;  
The mighty project cannot fail—  
Then aid it, one and all!

From the National Era.

## DARK HOURS.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

Oh, my tried soul, be patient!—Roughest rinds  
Fold over sweetest fragrance; heaviest clouds  
Rain the most fruitful harvests on the fields;  
The grass grows greenest where the wintry snows  
Have fallen deeper, and the fairest flowers  
Spring from old, dead decay. The darkest mine  
Yields the most flashing jewels from its cell,  
And stars are born of darkness, day of night.  
Oh, my tried soul, be patient! Yet for thee  
Goes on the secret alchemy of life;  
God, the One-Giver, grants no boon to earth  
That he withholds from thee; and from the dark  
Of thy deep sorrow shall evolve new light,  
New strength to do and suffer, new resolves,  
Perchance new gladness and freshest hopes!  
Oh, there are times when I know more weep  
That I have suffered, for I know great strength  
Is born of suffering; and I trust that still,  
Wrapt in the dry husk of my outer life,  
Lie warmer seeds than ever yet have burst  
From its dull covering; stronger purpose  
Stirs consciously within, and make me great  
With a new life—a life akin to God's—  
Which I must guard for the holy skies.  
Help me, thou great All-Patient, for the flesh  
Will sometimes falter, and the spirit fail;  
Add to my human Thy divine strength,  
When next I waver; raise my faith as now,  
That out of darkness I may see great light,  
And follow where it ever leads—to Thee!

## AN ANGEL BY THE HEARTH.

BY FANNY FALES.

They tell me unseen spirits  
Around about us glide;  
Beside the stilly waters,  
Our erring footsteps guide;  
'Tis pleasant thus believing  
Their ministry on earth;  
I know an angel's sigh  
This moment by my hearth.  
If false lights, on life's waters,  
To wreck my soul appear;  
With finger upward pointing,  
She turns me with a tear;  
'Tis base to slight the warning,  
And count it little worth,  
Of her, the loving angel,  
That sitteth by my hearth.  
She wins me with caresses  
From Passion's dark defiles;  
She guides me when I falter,  
And strengthens me with smiles;  
It may be unseen angels  
Beside me journey forth,  
I know that one is sitting  
This moment by my hearth.  
A loving wife—O brothers,  
An angel here below;  
Alas! your eyes are hidden  
To oft that light they go;  
Ye upward look while grieving,  
When they have passed from earth;  
O cherish well those sitting  
This moment by the hearth!

## The Liberator.

FUNERAL DISCOURSE BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

LITCHFIELD, Medina Co., Ohio,  
Sunday, Sept. 3, 1852.

DEAR GARRISON: The following is the substance of two discourses, delivered by me, this day, in the free church, in this town. The young woman—she has gone from us to mingle in other scenes—was very dear to me, and to a large circle of anti-slavery friends in Ohio. She was one of the most promising youthful reformers and friends of humanity in the West. She was good, and loved by many hearts. Her spirit was deeply imbued with love and devotion to the despised and down-trodden. Love to all was in her heart, and a peace the world could not disturb. She had no faith in the popular theology and religion that heed not, and trample on the relations of man to man, and the duties that grow out of them. She had no faith in anything to give her eternal life and peace, but in the immortal elements of truth, justice and goodness in her own soul; yet she had that love that casts out all fear, and saw Death approach to his work, with a firmness that could not be shaken, and a serenity that could not be disturbed. No slaveholding and war-making priests performed their mummeries around her dying bed. She died as she lived—a child in love and gentleness—a woman in courage and constancy to the right and the true. Her parents are and long have been among the most devoted and uncompromising friends of the slave and of human progress in the West.

You will greatly oblige many who wish to promote true views of life and death, if, when convenient, you can find room in the Liberator for the following abstract of my remarks.

Our meeting, this day, is occasioned by the death of Josephine, eldest daughter of Charles and Josephine Griffin, aged 16. I have not one word to offer to comfort the bereaved parents and friends. Not one true word can be spoken, that can bring to their stricken hearts consolation. To remind them that the departed loved one was good, true and promising in her life, would be to remind them of the loss they—the world—have experienced in her death.

I am not here to speak of the providence of God, in this event. The agency of God had no concern in the death of our young friend. Human agency alone hath done it; and on human beings rests the sole responsibility. Josephine Griffin should have been in life and health at this hour, and would have been, but for human agency, exerted by herself or others, interfering with the laws of life and health—God's agency never inflicted death on a human being in infancy, in childhood, in youth, nor in the strength of manhood and womanhood; nor did a child ever precede the parents in the spirit-land, in accordance with the divine will. It is a libel on God to say that he takes them away, when human beings are thus removed.

I am not here to exhort the afflicted to submission. The parents and friends of the deceased ought not to be reconciled to her death. They cannot be—consistent with nature and justice. I would as soon urge parents to be reconciled to the enslavement, the drunkenness or murder of their children, as to their death by disease. Children may rejoice and be happy in the departure of parents, when their mission on earth is fully accomplished, and they are prepared to leave; but no child can be prepared to leave this world in childhood or youth. The end of existence here is not answered and cannot be, at that age; and no parents can or should be reconciled to the death of a child. The death of our loved young friend was a violation of the laws of life and health, and, instead of being quietly submitted to, should be deplored and denounced as any other violation of Nature's laws.

I am not here to repeat the falsehood, that God has slain a child, because the parents loved her too well; or because he foresaw that they ever would love her too well. It is a libel on the divine nature, to assert that he ever killed a human being because it is, or would be loved too well. Many have died because they were not loved enough; but never one, because loved too well. Yet we are told by the priesthood that God is a jealous God, and cannot endure that parents should love their children better than Him; and that He kills the guilty parents, but the innocent children, lest they should become dearer to their parents than he is. I loathe a religion that can teach such a falsehood for effect; and spurn the worship of any being as God, who can be thus jealous, cruel and unjust. But it is false—Parents cannot love their children too well. The more parents love their children, and children their parents, the more they love God. The more all human beings love and respect one another, and seek to do one another good, the more they love and worship the God of love and goodness. To love husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, and all of human kind, with all the soul, mind and strength, is to love God supremely. The only practical love or hatred to God, is love or hatred to human beings. To dwell in love to man is to dwell in God. What then can be more false and foolish than to assert—as the priests do—that God kills children for parents who will love them too well?

Equally foolish and false is it to say, that God kills children to save them from sin and suffering on earth; or to admonish others that they must die; there is no need that he should do this, for people know this already. As well say that God robs and enslaves, or murders one person, to teach others that they are liable to be robbed, enslaved, or murdered. To say that God ever killed a child, for fear it would grow up a great sinner, is as absurd as to say that God deprives children of food and starves them, for fear they will eat too much and become gluttons.

Much is said about death, and about preparations for death. Scarce a sermon is preached, but in it you hear the exhortation to prepare for death, judgment and eternity. I am not here to talk of death, but of life; not yet to speak of preparing to die, but to live. Life—not death—is my text; and to show how to live—not how to die—is my great object. To pass, naturally, from this state into the next, is most joyful to anticipate, or to experience. This natural transition is full of joy to those who go, and to those who stay. No gloom, no dread, no pain are associated with it. Like a natural birth into this world, so should be our natural birth into the next. Of all the events of life on earth, none is so full of hope and glory as a natural exit from this state into the next. God designed that all should pass from this into a higher state, not by death, which is but a violation of nature, but by a healthful, happy, joyful transit, as the caterpillar becomes a butterfly. Our concern is with life; its nature, its laws, its relations and duties. We have sought to do with death, except to elude it, to shun it, as we do drunkenness, piracy, or other violations of nature. Do not concern, then, to prepare to die—only prepare to live; and then, when the time of your exodus comes, you will be ready to meet it.

Neither be concerned about preparing for eternity. The best and only preparation for eternity is to be prepared for time. While on earth, our business is with our relations to this world; and with the duties that grow out of them. When we reach the next state—as we all shall—then we will attend to our relations and duties there; but it is folly and wickedness to neglect our present relations and duties, under pretence of concern for our souls in another world. Those who are best prepared to live in this world, are best prepared for the next; those who are faithful to the present and passing hour, are alone prepared for the future. We are in eternity, as really as we are in our young friend. She is, indeed, without a body, but she is no more in eternity than we are. Eternity is our birth-place; we have ever lived in it, and ever shall. The spirit of Josephine Griffin is, I believe, with us now, and we are with her; we are separated only by the thickness of our bodies. I feel no concern as to what I am to be or to do in the next world, provided I may but live rightly and truly in this. The religion that is ever concerned for our souls, but cares nothing for our bodies, is a curse to the world. That religion which promises to mortals robes of linen fine and white, crowns of gold, green pastures, fruits and waters of life, and palaces of transparent gold in the spirit-land, but consigns us to hunger, thirst, cold, ignorance and slavery here; which makes us homeless, homeless, landless, ragged, and wretched here, ought to be scorned; its altars and worship to be loathed; the object of its adoration is a demon of cruelty and blood, and not a God of love and justice, and all should say to him, 'Get behind me, Satan, thou art an offence unto me.'

Human life is under fixed and just laws, not one of which ever was or ever will be repealed or suspended for a moment, nor for any cause. God never issued an arbitrary law, nor inflicted an arbitrary penalty. His laws and penalties are all fixed. His laws—all that he ever gave to man—are engraved on his body and soul, and not one of them can be violated with impunity. God never gave to man a law for another. To each he has given the only laws to which he can justly hold him amenable. Every child born into this world brings with it a code of laws, engraved on his body and soul; and to no other constitution, laws, statutes or commands, will God ever hold him responsible. Perfect obedience to these would make each one just what God designed he should be, and all he is capable of being. If these laws were never impeded nor violated, they would not bring to man one moment's pain or anguish. They would work out for all, glory and peace eternal. We should be born without suffering, live out our full time, and be born into another and higher state, without pain to the body or the soul of any one. Such a happy destiny would God, through the fixed laws of our being, work out for us, if we would let him.

This government of fixed law and penalty is the only government in the universe. All else is rebellion and anarchy. All human governments are necessarily arbitrary and capricious. What is true and just to-day, is false and unjust to-morrow; and what is a crime punishable by death in one age and nation, at another time, and in other nations, and even in the same nation, is a deed of glory to be honored and rewarded. What was regarded as a duty by Moses and the Jews, is now regarded and punished as a villainy in Ohio, it rewards as patriotism and piety in Louisiana. All governments based on the assumed right in man to dictate the law, and to punish with death its violation, are necessarily rebellions against God. Man, in assuming the right to tell man what he shall do, and to kill him if he disobey, assumes a power that God never assumed. The doctrine of an arbitrary, positive punishment, by an eternal hell-fire, is a fraud upon mankind, and a libel on a just God. The only hell man will ever enter, is that hell-state of the soul and body, which naturally and necessarily results from violations of the laws of health and life.

Health of body is one law of life; health of soul is another. Consequently, God never sent scrofula, gout, cholera, fever, consumption, or any disease to the human body; nor idiosyncrasy, nor anger, wrath, avarice, nor revenge, into the soul. Happiness is the law of life; misery is the violation of that law. Progression is a law of life; all Bibles, Constitutions, creeds, churches, and governments, that oppose progression, are wrong, and must go down.

I plead for the government of God over man. God is the lawgiver; God is the judge; God is the executive, in the only government to which man can owe allegiance. If we but knew the laws under which he has placed us, and would obey them, they would be enough for protection and guidance. Who dare say my to this, and yet claim to believe in a God? If but a title of the money, energy and effort now made to execute the Constitution of the Union, written on paper, were expended to find out and teach the people to obey the constitution and laws engraved by God on the body and soul of man and woman, how much more order, purity and happiness would be experienced! And I am an infidel, an A. I. and you the Christian? You, who vote for Scott, Pierce or Hale, and maintain a government in which you are to dictate the law and the penalty—are the devout, praying, shouting Christian, ever praying to God, 'thy kingdom come,' and then doing all you can to overthrow God, and place Scott, Pierce, or Hale, in his stead! Infidel! Atheist! God knows I am an atheist to all gods that ever did or ever shall authorize man to give laws to man, and to kill him if he disobey. We shall see who, in the end, will prove the real blasphemer, and practical infidel and atheist, against Truth and Justice and Love, who labor to establish over men an arbitrary, capricious government of violence and blood, or I, who stand solely by the government of God. Confidently and calmly, I abide the issue.

GOD EXISTS—MAN EXISTS—GOD HAS GIVEN A REVELATION OF HIMSELF TO MAN.—Here, I am happy to agree with all religious parties. But where is this Revelation to be found? Here I separate from all the religions of this world. The Mahomedan answers, in the Koran; the Hindoo, in the Shaster; the Persian, in the Zend Vesta; the Chinese, in the book of Confucius; the Christian, in the Bible. I answer, it is found in neither; but in Nature, and nowhere else. In the body and soul of each human being, and nowhere else, has God revealed or made known himself as a law of life to man. Would that I had spent the years, that I spent in studying the Bible, as the only word of God to man, in studying that older, truer, and far more holy and authoritative scripture which God inscribed on the ever-enduring substance of my own soul! The Bible, the Koran, the Shaster, and all books, are true and useful, just so far as they accord with the teachings of that book written on the body and soul of each human being. The Bible, and all other books of human origin, are composed of truth and error, of good and evil, and we must read them to receive the good and reject the evil; but in that revelation of God, inscribed on the body and soul of each one, all is truth, all is good, all is just, all is the word of the true and living God. To know and obey this, or, in other words, to know and be true to humanity, is the whole duty of man. To know ourselves truly, is to know God; to be true to ourselves is to be true to God. No man can be true to God, who is not true to himself. No man can be false to God, who is true to himself.

## EXISTENCE—ORGANIZATION—DEVELOPMENT.

Would that men and women understood and appreciated their responsibility in these three things! Who is responsible for the existence of children? God, answers the Church and Clergy, and all Religions. Who is responsible for the deformed, diseased organization, and sickly development of children? God, is the answer from all popular religions. A mother gives laudanum, in the form of pargoric, to her child to cure its pains. The child dies. The parent cries and says, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.' He utters two falsehoods in one short sentence. He knows the existence of that child was the result of an act in both parents. He knows its death is the result of an act in one of them. Yet he dares to say, before God and man, what he knows to be a falsehood; that God is responsible for its existence and its death! When will priests learn to speak the truth, and lie not? So, as to our young friend that is gone. We know that her existence and her death are the result of human agency; yet the priest assured us that God is responsible for both. Men and women propagate their diseases of body and soul, and cast the responsibility upon God; and when suffering and death, drunkenness, war, slavery, prostitution, and every crime ensue, we are taught to refer it all to God. I wish every priest in the land was obliged to preach one year on these three subjects; four months on each. 1. Who is responsible for the existence of children? 2. Who is responsible for their organization of body and soul? 3. Who, for their development, after they are born? This would bring them down to practical matters, and the whole people would flock to hear them.—Then would a preparation to become the healthy parents of healthy children become the greatest of all human concerns, as it should. This would be teaching people how to live. But now, men and women rush on, heedlessly propagating and filling the earth with disease. A set of men called doctors are sustained, to patch up the diseased bodies of their children with poisonous drugs; and another set called priests to cure their souls by their theological drugs and poisons; and between them both, they ruin both body and soul. The theology of the priest is no less poisonous to the soul, than is the calomel of the doctor to the body.

Man is indeed diseased. How is he to be saved? To be made what God designed he should be? The object of all religions is, to answer the question: But all are in this fundamental error; i. e. they point man to a savior outside of himself. Christianity, Mahomedanism, Hindooism and Judaism, all point to a power external to ourselves for salvation.—Nature points to a power in our own bodies and souls, and says to all, 'Your true and only redeemer is in you, ever-present, ever-active, and omnipotent to save.' What are the sufferings, teachings, life and death of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and Jesus, to us? Nothing; except they teach us to know our own nature, and stimulate us to be true to it. The sufferings and death of Jesus have no more connexion with our characters and destiny—can do no more to heal our diseases of body and soul—than the sufferings and death of Josephine Griffin.

Man's only power to save is in him. I wound your tree. Where is the power to heal that wound? In that tree itself; and not in another tree. I wound my body. Where is the recuperative power? In my own body; not in that of another. The life-principle in my body must heal all the injuries inflicted on my body; or they can never be healed.—The life-principle in the body of Jesus, or any other man, can never heal my physical diseases. So when by violations of the laws of my soul, I injure that, where is my soul's recuperation? In the soul itself; in my soul, not in the soul of Jesus, nor of any other man. Jesus had in himself a power all-sufficient to recover his own soul from all injuries that might be inflicted on it; but this recuperative power could not possibly avail to save others. God has placed in each soul a life-giving, recuperative power, competent to save from all injuries; and that power is ever saying, 'Look unto me and be ye saved; for I am the true power and wisdom of God to salvation!'

There is one condition, and only one, on which this internal power can save; i. e. we must cease to do evil, and learn to do good. On no other condition can God save a single soul. I cut my finger. Nature rallies to the cure. As the wound is partially healed, I repeat the injury; and continue to repeat it as often as a partial cure is effected. Can the cure ever be perfected? No more can the soul be healed, saved, while, by violations of the laws of its nature, man continues to inflict injuries. So deeply is the moral nature of man diseased, that it may take a long time to arouse it. Yet, there is an eternity before us; and the recuperative power in the soul is as enduring as the soul; and it will work out for all a complete salvation. What is lacking when the soul leaves the body, will be made up in the great future.

Just so far as Christianity, or any other religion, directs us to a power outside of ourselves for salvation, it is a fiction, and not a fact. Its savior is a phantom, having no existence but in the imagination of its votaries. The true savior is in the soul of each one, not on Calvary. The power to heal is in each one who is sick, in body or mind, and not in Jesus. Jesus, the pure, the true, the self-forgetting martyr of Calvary, sealed his principles with his blood; but all he said, did, and suffered, was necessary to the perfection of his own nature. He was saved, and by the process by which I must be saved; i. e. by fidelity to his own nature, just as we must be by fidelity to ours.

It is said, this religion will do to live by, but not to die by. I answer, the religion that will do to live by, is the only religion that can sustain the soul in its exit from the body. Our young friend that has left time, lived by this religion and died by it. She knew not, spoke not of Jesus as a Savior; she thought not of his sufferings and death, nor of faith in him, in her last moments. She thought and spoke of the outcast, the enslaved and despised among men. She dwelt in love to human kind. Peaceful and calm was her soul in death, as all could witness who were around her; conscious of having sought to do what she could, to promote the redemption of man from slavery, and all crime. She dwelt in love and in God, and this was her heaven; this, her crown of glory; the diadem of beauty to her soul. She had no death-bed confession nor repentance.—She said nothing of dying and going to Heaven. Heaven was in her, and she took it with her. She thought not and spoke not of being saved by the blood of Christ, nor of any other innocent victim; salvation was in her, as the result of conscious love to all, and innocence of purpose in her life. In her life, she was dear to all who knew her. Her death we cannot but deplore; for, instead of being a wise and mysterious providence of God, it was the result of human folly, ignorance, or wickedness. Her only language to us now is, 'Know the laws of life and health, and obey them, and Heaven is yours.'

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Unequalled Mowing.—On the 23d and 24th of August, one of Ketchum's mowing machines cut thirty acres and a quarter of hay in a day and a half, on the farm of Melvin Powers, Esq., in Farmington, Ontario. Twenty acres were mowed the first day, and the balance on the second. We venture to say that this feat has never been equaled in the United States.—*Reed, Amer.*

## THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION—THE LAST ACT OF THE DRAMA.

The farce at Syracuse has been played out. We publish, to-day, the last act, in which it will be seen that the authority of the Bible, as a perfect rule of faith and practice for human beings, was voted down; and what are called the laws of nature set up instead of the Christian code. We have also a practical exhibition of the consequences that flow from woman leaving her true sphere where she wields all her influence, and coming into public to discuss questions of morals and politics with men. The scene in which Rev. Mr. Hatch violated the decorum of his cloth, and was conversely offensive to such ladies present as had not lost that modest 'feminine element' on which he dwelt so forcibly, is the natural result of the conduct of the women themselves, who, in the first place, invited discussion about sexes, and in the second place so broadly defined the difference between the male and the female as to be suggestive of anything but purity to the audience. The women of the Convention have no right to complain; but, for the sake of his clerical character, if no other motive influenced him, he ought not to have followed so bad an example. His speech was sound, and his argument conclusive, but his form of words was not in the best taste. The female orators were the aggressors; but, to use his own language, he ought not to have measured swords with a woman, especially when he regarded her ideas and expressions as bordering upon the obscene. But all this is the natural result of woman placing herself in a false position. As Rev. Mr. Hatch observed, if she ran with horses, she must expect to be bettered upon. The whole tendency of these conventions is by no means to increase the influence of women, to elevate their condition, or to command the respect of the other sex. It is quite the reverse. We do not wonder that, after what has taken place, they should shun the light of New York city, and retreat to the obscurity of Cleveland for their next gathering.

Who are these women?—what do they want?—what are the motives that impel them to this course of action? The dramatic personae of the farce enacted at Syracuse present a curious conglomerate of both sexes. Some of them are old maids, whose personal charms were never very attractive, and who have been sadly slighted by the masculine gender in general; some of them women who have been badly mated, whose own temper, or their husbands, has made life anything but agreeable to them, and they are therefore down upon the whole of the opposite sex; some having so much of virago in their disposition, that nature appears to have made a mistake in their gender—manish women like hens that crow; some of boundless vanity and egotism, who believe that they are superior in intellectual ability to 'all the world and the rest of mankind,' and delight to see their speeches and addresses in print; some silly little girls, from fifteen to twenty, who are tickled to death with the idea of being called a great orator, a lawyer, a doctor, a member of Congress, general in the army, perhaps President of the United States—and some who do not like to work for a living, or to perform the duties of the domestic circle, but to spend their time in talking and gossiping, and longing for a millennium of idleness, when, without any effort of their own, they shall 'eat, drink, and be merry, like the clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day,' reigning as queens and potentates, all of which shall be but a realization of their rights; and man shall be assigned to his proper sphere, nursing the babies, washing the dishes, mending stockings, and sweeping the house. This is 'the good thing coming!'

Besides the classes we have mentioned, there is a class of wild enthusiasts and visionaries—very sincere, but very mad—having the same vein as the fanatical abolitionists, and the majority, if not all of them, being, in point of fact, deeply imbued with the anti-slavery sentiment. Of the male sex who attend these conventions for the purpose of taking a part in them, the majority are hen-pecked husbands, and all of them ought to wear petticoats. In point of ability, the majority of the women are flimsy, blipant, and superficial. If Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Oakes Smith, Mrs. Paulina Davis, Lucy Stone, and Mrs. Rose, particularly the latter, are exceptions, they but confirm the rule. Even of these, Mrs. Rose alone indicates much argumentative power; and in reading Mrs. Oakes Smith's book, of which so much has been said, and which the *Westminster Review* pronounced to be one of the best ever written on the subject, (no great praise after all,) we are wholly at a loss to discover anything beyond smartness, and gracefulness of style, with much that is labored, and smacks of affectation. While it contains a great deal of truth that is not new, in reference to premature marriages and other topics, it carefully avoids all close reasoning upon the real points at issue. In the introduction, the main point contended for at the late convention—the physical and mental equality of woman as the basis of her political equality. Miss Lucy Stone and others contended that there was no difference, physically or mentally, between the sexes, except the bare fact of gender. Mrs. Smith knows better, and accordingly she did not venture to commit herself to that doctrine in her book. In one short sentence we can answer all that has been said for the three days at this Convention, and at all other Conventions.—If it be true that the female sex are equal to the male in point of physical strength and mental power, how is it that from the beginning of the world to the present time, in all ages, in all countries and climes, in every variety of the human species, the male has been predominant, and the female subject politically, socially, and in the family circle? In no other nation or tribe was woman ever so honored as she is in the United States. If the female sex was ever equal to the male, there would be some record left in history of the women changing places with the men in the work of legislation, and those other offices and pursuits of each sex that are so much the prerogative of the other. How did woman first become subject to man as she now is all over the world? By her nature—her sex—just as the negro is, and always will be, to the end of time, inferior to the white race, and, therefore, doomed to subjection; but happier than she would be in any other condition, just because it is the law of nature. The women themselves would not have this law reversed. It is a significant fact, that even Mrs. Swishem, who formerly ran about to all such gatherings from her husband, is now 'a keeper at home,' and condemns these conventions in her paper. How does this happen? Because, after weary years of unfruitfulness, she has at length got her rights in the shape of a baby. This would recommend a trial of it to all who are afflicted.

We are well aware that women of great vigor of mind, and some of immense power of body, have arisen from time to time, while men of weak intellect and mean body to strength are numerous enough. But individual cases prove nothing—it is the prevailing characteristics of the masses of each sex that must determine the relative positions of both.—Accordingly, the very laws of nature, which the 'Woman's Rights Convention' profess to respect, as well as the Bible, whose authority they scout, settle the question for ever.

While man has strength, woman has beauty of body and mind, and the result is the most harmonious, the noblest qualities of each sex are harmonized in her perceptions, woman is superior to man; but in the high intellectual endowments, and in the attributes of physical power, she is inferior, and hence her domestic, social, and political subordination, and hence also the impossibility of ever accomplishing what Mrs. Oakes Smith, in her speech on the subject of the Convention, asserted to be the object and aim of this movement, 'an entire subversion of the existing order of society, a dissolution of the whole existing social compact.'

What do the leaders of the Woman's Rights Convention want? They want to vote, and to hustle with the rowdies at the polls. They want to be members of Congress, and in the heat of debate to subject themselves to coarse jests and indecent language, like that of Rev. Mr. Hatch. They want to fill all other posts which men are ambitious to occupy—to be lawyers, doctors, captains of vessels, and generals in the field. How funny it would sound in the newspapers, that Lucy Stone, pleading a cause, took suddenly ill in the pangs of parturition, and perhaps gave birth to a fine bouncing boy!

Or that Rev. Antiochus Brown was arrested in the middle of her sermon in the pulpit from the same cause, and presented a 'pledge' to her husband and the congregation; or that Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, while attending a gentleman patient for a fit of the gout or *fistula in ano*, found it necessary to send for a doctor, there and then, and to be delivered of a son or woman child—perhaps—before the morning or evening prayer service of Congress—in a storm at sea—or in the raging tempest of battle, and then what is to become of the woman legisla-

tor, the female captain of the ship, or the female general of the army? The bare idea is a laughing matter.

It is worthy of remark, that the women of this country, who they find women more than all true, discreet, sensible, woman would do, that they evince their hostility to such a social and abolition doctrine that were applied to this country for a number of years, and would that the same men and the same women, who were Lloyd Garrison, Rev. W. H. Channing, Rev. Gerrit Smith, the Justices, Lucy Stone, Greeley and Lucretia Mott, that have been engaged in these agitations, are equally ready to do this. What a pass are we brought to at last!

**CURES WITHOUT FAIL**  
CUTS  
BURNS, BRUISES,  
FLESH WOUNDS, CHAPPED HANDS,  
BILES, SORES, SORES,  
CHILBLAINS,  
INJURY BY SPLINTERS,  
RING WORMS, RHEUM,  
ERYSIPELAS,  
SCALDS,  
SUN-BURNS.

**TRY IT ONCE,**  
AND YOU WILL NEVER BE WITHOUT IT  
The Good it Does is Well Known at Once.

**RUSSIA SALVE**  
VEGETABLE OINTMENT  
Has cured thousands of the above troubles.  
It has been used in the most successful manner  
for the last thirty years, and is now  
being introduced into this country.

**EVERY HEAD WITH CHILBLAINS**  
ALL HEADS OF FAMILIES  
Should keep a Box in the Chamber, or in the Hall,  
to be ready in case of accident.

**Price, 25 Cents per Box.**  
Put up in large size metal boxes, with elegant  
wrappers, similar to the above engraving,  
without which the salve is not genuine.

**Solely Sold by all Postmasters, Apothecaries, and  
Grocers, and wherever retail is done.**

**REDDING & CO.**  
8 State Street, Boston.

**POWELL & WELLS & CO.**  
Phrenological Rooms,  
142 Washington Street, Boston  
(Open Day and Evening).

**THE MUSEUM** contains a great variety of  
statues, busts, and paintings of the most  
valuable kind, and is always open free to  
the public.

**PROFESSOR J. EXAMINATIONS** with charts and  
descriptions of characters, are furnished at a  
small charge, and in all directions as to suitable occupations,  
selection of persons in business, and congenial  
pursuits for life, correction of faults, &c., &c., of  
which will be found highly useful and extremely  
interesting.

**CLASSES** for giving practical instruction in  
science are taught at the rooms, and private  
lessons given to students when desired.

This is the principal depot in the Eastern States  
for Phonology, Physiology, Water Cure, Phre-  
nology, Magnetism, Physiology, and all kind of  
lectures, a large assortment of which is always on  
hand, and bookellers and lecturers are supplied  
with publications on more liberal terms than at any  
place in New England. Also, all other books at  
the lowest prices, wholesale and retail. Agents  
for the sale of the *Phrenological Journal*, and  
other individuals sending in orders for the  
same, will receive them by return of first mail, and  
with the same faithfulness as though they were  
sent personally.

Please address, post paid,  
**POWELL & WELLS & CO.,**  
sep 16-4t 142 Washington St., Boston.

## PATENT JOLIAN PIANO FORTE

These instruments, with the improvement  
by the subscribers, especially in the construction  
and voicing of the reeds, in the action, and in the  
softest tones of an *Acoustic* Harp, and of being  
in power, sufficient for any purpose use, and  
expressly for the Piano Forte, as the perfect  
instrument, can be made to imitate the most  
flute or Clarinet, or any other instrument, and  
with the other the Piano Forte accompaniment  
thus combining orchestral effects, by the same  
player at the same time.

Piano Fortes with, or without the attachment  
given to students when desired, and are  
selected by ourselves when ordered, and are  
sent by express, and warranted to give satisfaction  
or the money refunded.

The patent is owned by ourselves exclusively, and  
State of Massachusetts, and no other person  
in Massachusetts has the right to manufacture  
them. And, as many of the Piano Forte  
makers and others in their interests have said the  
instruments injured the Piano Forte, and will  
with it, we hereby notify our customers, that if  
they shall apply the